Evening World Daily Magazine

Vacation Beauty Hints and Health Talks By PAULINE FURLONG

What to hat, How to Exercise, and What You Should Do to Get the Most From Your Outing.

Chapters, 1917, by the Peac Publishing the 17th New York Energy Wood-

Artificial Respiration. ONBIDERING the fact that many persons lose their lives by drown-

ing, all persons should learn some practical methods of restoration. The Sylvenier method is here given and should be practiced by two persons, one acting as patient and the other as rescuer.

Loosen the clothing around the neck and chest. exposing them to wind, except to very severe weather. Get the water out of the body by tickling the throat with a feather or applying ammonia to the nose. Give a hard slap with the open hand upon the chest and soles of the feet. If no immediate results, proceed as

Lay the body with the head hanging down, with Its weight on the stomach, across a convenient object, such as a keg, box or over the knees. Quickly open the

mouth and draw the tongue forward with handkerchief to let the water escape, and keep the mouth clear of water. Roll the body gently from side to side to relieve pressure on stomach, and then back on stomach. Do this several times to force the water from stomach and throat. Then lay the body on back, using a coat for pillow, and place this under the shoulder, allowing the head to fall back. Then kneel at the head of the

Open the mouth and place some small object between the teeth to keep it open. Pull the tongue out, with the fingers covered with a clean cloth, and fasten it on the chin with a rubber band or cord. Grasp the arms at the middle of the forearms, fold them across the stomach, raise them over the head perpendicularly, draw them back, straight, then forward over the head to sides again, pressing the arms to lower part of ribs and sides so as to produce a beliews movement upon the lungs. Do this about fifteen times a minute.

Apply camphor, smelling salts or ammonia to the nostrils. On signs of life remove the clothing, dry the body, wrap patient in warm blankets; brickly rub the limbs, to restore circulation, under the blanket toward the heart.

Answers to Health and Beauty Questions.

LAXATIVE FOODS-MRS. H. F. come stammering, especially if taken D.: Lettuce, tomatoes, spinach, cault- in time bower, asparagus, carrots, beets, turnips, celery, parsnips, cabbage, enions,
peas, lentils, barley, beans, oatmeal,
bran, rhubarb, fruits, &c.

BOW LEGS—Mits. D. N.
Nothing will correct this late in life,
and the very large calf, when not the
result of superfluous flesh, is almost
impossible to correct. I am advised
by experts and physicians that this is
an abnormal condition and not easily

TRUNK RAISING EXERCISE FOR CONSTIPATION—MRS. V. L.: Lide with toes braced under a heavy piece of furniture, hands classed behind the neck. Slowly bring the body to an upright sitting position. Do this tentimes before meals and before reting. This is the best exercise for weak back and large abdomen.

FATTENING FOODS—MABEL T.: Ripe olives, créam, eggs, cheese, allowed to accumulate or exist.

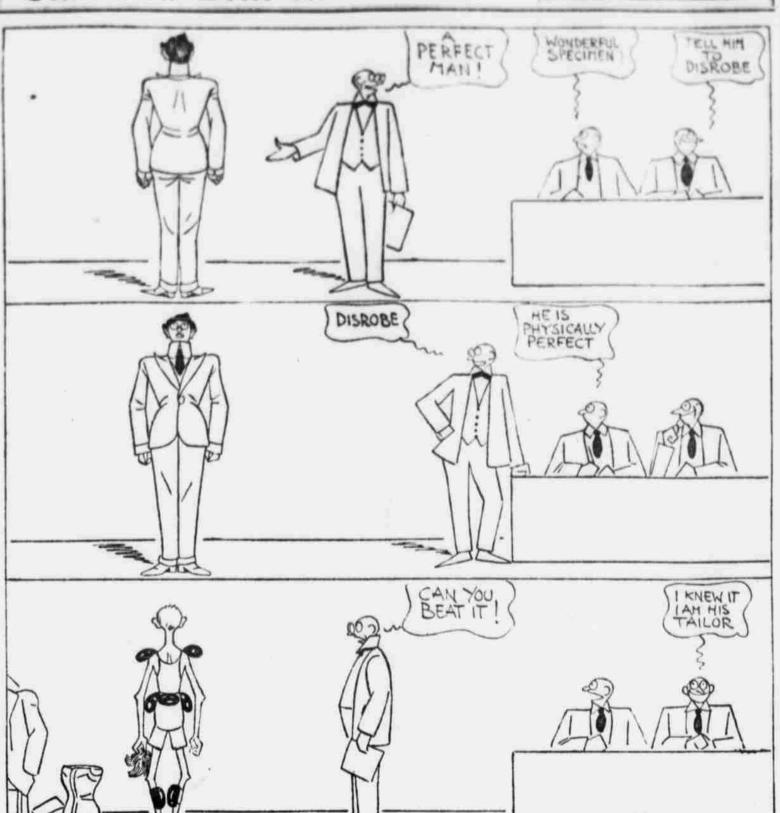
Ripe clives, cream, eggs, cheese, nuts, clive oil, butter, eggs, bananas.

stammering foods.

STAMMERING—MRS. G. B. N.:
The child may be benefited greatly by practising some exercises for the vocal chords, and there are also many teachers who can belp over-

Can You Beat It?

By Maurice Ketten



"Ma" Sunday's Intimate Talks With Young Girls

THE GIRL WITH BEAUTIFUL HANDS By "Ma" Sunday.

Wife of Hilly Sunday, the Farmons Ecompelist. THERE comes Townstra Hands' now!" one of the girls cried to me.

I had been asked to a little garden party given by the very young wife of John Masters, when I had known when he was no higher than my knee. I have young people, and it always pictures me in one them in their mements of relexation with their sweet, pure gayety. One of the girls had turned away and was coming toward us.

The brauty of her hands was indeed so remarkable that it took one's attention away from even her worsderful complexion and her masses of dark hair. Her bands were of a peculiar creamy white, such a shade as certain marbles have, and they were very siender and tapering. with rosy fingers and long, delicate nails,

The hands of a born musician, I thought; so when I fell into a chall with her I asked if she played or sang-

"Oh, no," she smiled; "I have no talents at all."

"What do you do to interest yourself, then?" I asked.

The girl turned one hand softly in the other in a way that was almost

"Way, I don't bulleve that I am especially interested in any one thing," she said, hesitating. "Of course, I like to read, but the social season has been so very full this year that it hasn't given me time for anything except my engagements. You know the labor of dressing these days is simply stupendoust'

"Indeed?" I said musingly. "I wonder how it happens, then, that so many women not only dress themselves but attend to their homes and children? And some of them, in addition to all that, earn money bosides."

"Oh-well-those!" A slight, languid motion of her hands dismissed the reference as of no special importance. "Of course, one expects working women to lead a different life!" she smiled.

"They do indeed!" I retorted. "A life that should shame such a young coman as you into doing something to justify your existence! "Yes," I finished. "I mean those beautiful hands of yours, which are

so beautiful they have caused your companions to nickname you. They would be far more beautiful, my dear child, if they were less so!" She rose, quite at her case, and bowed gracefully and respectfully,

"I am so glad to have met you," she said. "I have found you very interesting, although I fear you cannot say the same of me." I knew "Beautiful Hands" again the moment I saw her face, although

It had been five years since the garden party. She was in a very luxurious motor, driven by a chauffeur in livery. I was on the sidewalk. The carhalted by a traffic policeman, was just abreast of me as I waited on the curb to cross the street, and our eyes met.

"You were right, Mrs. Sunday. My little life lamp IS burning low!" she said as she ordered her chauffeur to pull to the curb.

"They bound me, and blinded me, just as you said," she went on in a dead, level voice. "All my life I have worshipped my hands. I never did a useful piece of work with them. I wouldn't even take part in sports. And I wouldn't marry a man unless I was sure he could keep my hands free from any particle of grime. I lost the man I loved because I would not run the risk of having to do my own housework if I became his wife. And-and-then I married to have-these!" Her wonderful hands, with a gesture of strange flerceness, pointed to the luxurious car and her fine clothes. "Drive on, John!" she ordered. (Copyright, 1917, by the Bell flyndicate, Inc.)

THE GREEN-GOODS KING CRAIG KENNEDY, THE SCIENTIFIC DETECTIVE, UNDERTAKES ONE OF THE STRANGEST CASES IN HIS LONG CAREE OF BAFFLING CAME. STRANGEST CASES IN HIS LONG CA

A Story of High Finance and the Part Love Played.

By Arthur B. Reeve

the other side of the street, and he followed, somewhat behind them, at a safe distance.

They turned down a side street, which I instantly recognized as that on which we had followed Mrs. Moore to the little photograph gallery the other afternoon. For a moment they stopped in front of Petto's restaurant, seemed to consider going in, then turned away, and continued to walk up the street, talking carnestly. At up the street, talking earnestly. At last they entered the photograph gallery, led by the good looking fellow, who opened the door with a key and went in last himself. Kennedy had pulled me into a doorway, so that as the man looked out on the street he could not see us watching him. could not see us watching him. Standing there in front of the photograph gallery was out of the question, so we retraced our steps and entered Petto's restaurant. Petto did not remember our faces, for our disguise was at least good enough for

"Well," ramarked Kennedy, as we "Well," remarked Kennedy, as we warmed ourselves with a steaming oyster stew, "I've learned one thing to-night. I'll swear that was the gang that sent us the letter. And there's that other fellow who was all alone—you remember him?—peering through the corner of the window to see if we are in here."

BEST NOVELS PUBLISHED ON THIS PAGE COMPLETE EVERY TWO WEEKS.

By Jack Callahan

low me one more block I shall call an officer and have you arrested as a vacrant of a suspicious character."

The man met the threat brazenly.
"You will will you?" he said defiantly. "You don't dare?" "Den't dare? I'll show you whether I don't dare," replied Craig, his angerising. "I've a good mind to do it, anyhow."
"Go ahead," grinned the man, with an assurance that was positively un-

an assurance that was positively un-

canny. "I dare you!"
"You don't suppose I'm afraid of you and your whole crowd, do you?" asked Kennedy, restraining timeelf with difficulty. "Now just look at this"—he pulled the Black Hand lat-ter out of his pocket and shoved it at to man, withdrawing it quickly as

it away. I know who sent it, and you "What was It??" asked the man, his face undergoing one of the most startling changes I had ever seen. He was no longer a dull, leaden-eyed creature, but a man with a keen, cool. gray eye, and strong, forceful lines in

his cheeks.
"You know well enough what it was," replied Craig. "Black Hand was," replied Craig. "Black Hand letters are not so common but that

(To Be Continued Monday)



